

PRISON REFORM.

The Contract System of Prison Labor in Our Prisons.

A CRUEL, DESTRUCTIVE SYSTEM

Degrading to Mind and Body and Preventative of all Reformation—Contractors Enriched by the Sweat and Blood of Helpless Prisoners and the State Compelled to Appropriate Money to Sustain the Prison.

Fifth Paper.

(The writer of the following was sentenced to life imprisonment in the Ohio Penitentiary for fighting a street duel in which the defendant was killed. He was pardoned after eight years imprisonment, he proposes in the columns of the Globe to tell "a humanly unasked tale" of life in a modern penitentiary. —EDITOR.)

The Habitual Criminal Law of Ohio, as administered in that State never catches a real, live criminal, but some petty thief or chicken stealer, for he is known to a civilized public that in Ohio, chicken stealing is a State's prison crime! The bucolic gentlemen in the legislature were "log-rolled" with, once upon a time, by a slick member from Cincinnati, who was endeavoring to pass a bill to make chicken stealing a felony. This is called "log-rolling" and it is by this process so many infamous as well as silly measures become laws.

The chicken stealer, like the burglar, plies his vocation at night and hence the breaking into a hen coop was declared a felony or burglary pure and simple. Hereafter it had been larceny to the value of the chickens stolen, which never amounted to the grand larceny or felonious figure of \$35, and the chicken thief was consequently guilty of petit larceny only, and generally got off with either a fine or a work house sentence of thirty days.

When the new law went into effect first colored burglar caught was a camp meeting exhorter in Montgomery county, and two previous convictions having been proven against him, he was sentenced to life imprisonment as an "habitual criminal." This was some fifteen years ago, and he is still an inmate of the Ohio Penitentiary.

At present there are over thirty of this class of life prisoners in the Ohio prison and truth compels the admission that the majority of them are white men and the colored brother is in a minority, notwithstanding his penchant for yellow legged chickens. But as stated before, this is the first class or dangerous criminal in the number. And it was this very class the law was designed to cover. No expert burglar, safe blower, robber, forger, confidence man or other high class criminal ever permits a shadow to be cast upon the meshes of the habitual criminal law. As a rule these expert "professors," in the higher crimes ply their vocations on the run, as it were, and have neither local habitation or a name. They play no favorites among the titles or States and if unfortunate enough to be caught "dead to rights" in Ohio, when their "bit" is done, they migrate to another State and give Ohio a wide berth. They are proficient in changing their personal appearance, names, and in general, they are generally more brainy than the detective and police they run little if any risk in being discovered as ex-convicts.

The Bertillon system of measurement, which Warden Coffin introduced in the Ohio prison, which is in operation in New York, Illinois, and one or two other States, is the only method by which these professional criminals can be identified, but even in this particular they are immune, for the reason that it is only after sentence, and then to prison after sentence, and when remeasured by the Bertillon system that their previous convictions are discovered, too late to try or indict them under the Habitual Criminal Law, and they give the authorities the "funny smile," do their "bits" and depart for fresh fields and pastures new.

Now, the petty criminal as a rule, is anchored, is a resident or sometimes a householder in the theater of his depredations. He has, may be, a shadow of a reputation, and he is repeatedly watched by his neighbors. He soon secures a police record and the shrewd fly cops of the village, hamlet or city where he resides, watch all his goings out and comings in. If a robbery or burglary comes off, the police would just as soon suspect the mayor of being the perpetrator, as the petty thief they know to be utterly incapable of committing anything like a serious crime. And yet, it is this class of petty criminals who are solely the victims of the barbaric habitual criminal law.

To cite a few cases, by way of illustration, where this inhuman law makes the State of Ohio a bigger criminal than the poor devil it immures for life behind stone walls, will, to be sure, convince the most skeptical of our readers of its great injustice.

There were two brothers named Kline, from Dayton, Ohio, life prisoners in the Ohio Penitentiary until a few years ago, when the elder of the two died in the prison hospital. These two youths were graduates of a strict religious reformatory in the Gem City and grew up to manhood in their native town; guilty of numerous escapades, none of them serious enough to merit a felonious conviction; they were a police record, and in time culminated in their conviction of a penitentiary offense and they were both "sent up" for a short term. The precise crime they were first convicted of is not now recalled by the writer. It happened in the year 1894, the mark of \$35 and grand larceny. During their imprisonment the Habitual Criminal Law was enacted and on their release they returned, like all petty criminals of their class, to their native town. Respectably connected, their relatives were scandalized by their criminal record and their two aunts, maiden ladies of social standing and means, did everything in their power to induce the youths to reform their lives.

The boys, however, were wild rather than vicious, and more in a spirit of bravado than for actual work, of the money or valuables they pilfered, they kept on alternately working at their trades and taking ventures in petty criminal acts. Again convicted of stealing money from a saloon keeper,

we believe, they were sent up to Columbus for another short term. By this time the police were persecuting them, after the manner of the force in all cities where the petty criminal resides and is known, while the greater or more expert criminal is an unsolvable and an undiscoverable quantity to the average detective.

Returning to Dayton and endeavoring to lead better lives, the Kline boys found it impossible to do so, owing to the reputations they had acquired and to the surveillance if not persecution of the police. They resolved to leave and in some other locality, where they were unknown, reform their lives and live honestly and industriously. But their aunts prevailed upon them to remain and guaranteed them money and social position, to see them out of any difficulty they might get into with the police, provided the boys would persevere in their good intentions of living law-abiding lives.

But neither the aunts nor the boys correctly gauged the power of the police and the easy and expeditious manner in which ex-convicts can be re-convicted of any crime laid to their doors. For the third time they were convicted of their crime of which they protested their innocence, but the fact that a revolver was found on the person of one of them and that they were ex-convicts the jury declared them guilty, on evidence which even the prosecutor subsequently admitted was insufficient. The crime was the usual necessity plot of tapping a saloonkeeper's till. The habitual criminal law was applied in their cases, under the third conviction and they were sentenced to five years and life imprisonment each. The five years was to be served before the life sentence began, as it is impossible to confine ghosts, even in the Ohio penitentiary.

The estimated amount of their stealings as criminals, even if they were guilty, summed up altogether less than \$500.

And thus, for this amount, pilfered from time to time, these two unfortunate wretches were immured for life where one has already paid the full penalty and the other still languishes a prisoner.

The surviving Kline is a bright, educated man over thirty years of age. He has invented while in prison several useful electrical appliances and numerous patents have been issued to him on various articles, all of which he has been more or less cheated out of by the officials within and speculators outside the prison. At one period of his prison career he endeavored to escape and hid out for almost a week within the enclosure of the walls, making raids at night on the kitchen to obtain food. At another time he actually succeeded in scaling the walls, but was recaptured.

Under the Habitual Criminal Law provision for the parole of its victims exists, but is rarely applied by the prison board of managers.

However, such was the pressure brought to bear by the loyalty and affection of Kline's aunts, after the death of his brother, that he was given a parole and set at liberty. He found instant and remunerative employment with the Columbus Telephone Company, several months later he was again gobbled by the aforesaid concern. In a few months after his release he informed the writer that the police of Dayton had induced the Columbus force to persecute him, that he expected they would "ship" him, that is, trump up some charge which would cause his return to the prison. He was in deadly fear of this outcome and as a paroled prisoner can be arrested and sent back to prison without trial or investigation, on the allegation of any citizen or policeman Kline felt keenly the insecurity of his position and rarely, if ever, spent a day free from apprehension or a night of peaceful repose.

Unable longer to stand the strain he slipped out of Columbus one night and fled to the State of Ohio, where he was free from his persecutors and could not be arrested without the complicity of some new offense. Paroled prisoners are not extraditable, although untried or unconvicted criminals are, hence Kline aimed to be free in fact as well as in theory. But this undertaking was a violation of his parole and if he was captured outside the State of Ohio the prison would again become his home. Before reaching Buffalo somebody recognized Kline, or more probably the vigilant Columbus "fly cops" missed him and just as he reached Niagara Falls he was arrested on a telegram from the Ohio authorities.

Thus, within a few feet of liberty the unfortunate man, whose great crime was in tapping of some saloonkeeper's till, was brought back in iron to the Ohio Penitentiary to remain until the fate of his brother overtakes him—the medical college and the dissecting table!

Another unfortunate named Hess, a married man with three little children, is paying the penalty of life imprisonment for stealing chickens to feed his hungry children. Hess was a petty thief and an occasional teller. Of delicate physique and probably shiftless habits, he found it difficult to provide food for the family without resorting to his neighbors' hencoops.

Twice convicted for this crime of chicken stealing, he was given a life sentence on his third offense and is at present undergoing the penalty, having already served many years for less than \$20 worth, all told, of pullets, big and little!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Col. Christy Suggests.

Colonel Christy said last night to a Globe reporter, "I suggest the following for your paper to-morrow: 'On the subject of the prison system, to secure for the people of the District of Columbia the most complete system of self-government practicable under the limitations of the Federal Constitution.' 'Our preliminary step will be to secure from the two Houses of Congress, at the ensuing December session, the enactment of a law creating the office of Delegate to the lower House, and providing for his election by the people of the District of Columbia.'"

Her D's and "Ideas."

While James Russell Lowell was editor of the Atlantic Monthly, Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford enjoyed warm personal friendship with him, and he frequently accepted her stories. Mrs. Spofford feared that he might be taking them because of his interest in her and not for the merit of her work. She resolved to put the matter to the test. Her handwriting was peculiar. One of the most characteristic letters was her d, to the end of which she gave a queer little crook toward the left. In order to disguise her work she had her sister copy one of her stories before she sent it to the editor. Mr. Lowell accepted it in a letter in which he wrote, "The d's may not be yours, but there is no mistaking the ideas."

A WHITE QUEEN.

The "She" Who Rules a Negro Tribe in South Africa.

PRETORIUS, THE BRAVE BOER.

Has Seen and Converses with the Queen. His Astonishing Account of the Interview. Absolute Ruler of the Tribe, with Power of Life and Death—Not a Negro, but a White Woman with Light Hair and Blue Eyes.

For more than half a century the rainmaker for all the native tribes of the Zambesi river, in South Africa, was Majaje, the White Queen of the Makatete tribe, which lived in the woodbush in the northern part of the Transvaal. The Zulus, the Hottentots, the Kaffirs, the Basutos and scores of other tribes recognized her as the great rainmaker, and whenever there was a drought in their provinces they sent their emissaries to her with requests for rain.

The tales which white men heard concerning her led them to believe that Majaje was a myth, and Rider Haggard elaborated the report in his novel, "She," which had for its leading character a mysterious white woman who ruled over a race of blacks somewhere in Central Africa. Haggard wrote his novel in the 1880s, and long before it was established that the white queen was not a myth. The fact that such a woman really lived was proved by three white men who talked with her, and one of the fathers, the late Piet Joubert, was authority for this account of the woman.

Henning Pretorius, one of the Transvaal's first commandants, and probably the most fearless Boer, had probably the most fearless Boer, and his frequent journeys into unknown regions of the Transvaal in the latter part of 1889 and reported to his government that he had succeeded in seeing Majaje. In a voluminous report which he made of his journey he stated that the woman was queen of a section of the Makatete tribe, and that her capital was surrounded by an almost impenetrable forest of small thorn trees. On the outskirts of this forest he was met by a large number of well-armed tribesmen, who asked him and his companions to depart from the neighborhood immediately. Pretorius refused to leave and insisted upon seeing the queen.

After a long discussion, during which many messengers were sent to the queen's kraal, Pretorius was granted permission to visit the monarch. He was disarmed and his companions were left behind under guard of a large number of tribesmen. He was led along a narrow, winding path through the bush, and after a journey of about thirty miles he came to the queen's royal kraal. In his report he described the woman minutely and at great length. He said that she was absolute monarch over her people, that she undoubtedly had the power of life and death over them, and that she had established a government that was far in advance of any negro government he had ever seen.

The most astonishing part of his report was that the woman was not a negro. He described her as having straight, soft hair of a light brown color, thin lips, and light blue eyes. The color of her skin was not black, but as white as that of a Portuguese. Pretorius stated that she refused to tell her age or anything concerning her antecedents, and added that she appeared to be more than 100 years old—perhaps 115.

In 1894 the Makatete tribe formed an alliance with Magoeba, the king of the woodbush Kaffirs, who lived near the same kraal, and who was a Boer. He was dragged into rebellion against the Boers. Joubert, the commandant general of the Boer army, was set against the rebellious natives of Swaziland, who had been driven into the Transvaal from their native country by the British. Joubert's army was defeated, and he was killed. The natives were defeated finally and fled into bush and mountains. The Swazis then asked Joubert for permission to follow the rebels, and it was granted. When they returned, several days afterward, the Swazis brought with them the heads of Magoeba and several of his indunas, or headmen, in order to prove to the Boers that they really had been victorious.

The day after the return of the victorious Swazis, messengers came from Majaje, bringing peace offerings in the shape of two ivory tusks and a beautiful white ox. The emissaries declared that Majaje had been misled by Magoeba, and that she had no desire to be an enemy of the Boers. Joubert told the messengers to tell their queen that if she would surrender her arms unconditionally and permit some one to go to her kraal the war would be ended. In her reply she accepted the first condition, but declined to allow any one to visit her kraal, adding, however, that she would come out and grant an audience to the Boer leader.

The following morning the bush resounded with the beating of drums and the shrill notes of crum and instans. Fore-runners emerged from the bush and announced the coming of the queen. When the head of the procession reached General Joubert the priests deposited the palanquin on the ground and drew aside the curtains, and revealed the queen. She reclined on a beautiful quagga skin and was clothed in a variegated coat of skins, furs and bead work. Joubert observed her closely and found that Henning Pretorius' description of her was accurate in every detail. The woman had light, soft hair, thin lips, blue eyes, and a complexion as light as that of the majority of white persons who have lived in the tropics for many years. Many persons have attempted to explain the mystery of the queen's ancestry, and the result has been that many strange tales are current in the country, each being heralded as the only true solution. The most plausible theory is the one that Commandant General Joubert advanced. From some old chiefs he learned that there was a tradition among the Makatete that many generations ago a large number of white men had come into the Zambesi region to dig gold. These men incurred the enmity of the blacks, who massacred all except one or two, and the smile and presence are both undesirable. Don't be a piker.

ascend of one of these survivors, but the native tradition does not explain the process by which she came to the position of ruler of the tribe. Proof of the fact that gold was dug in that neighborhood has been found in scores of places along the Zambesi, where, in recent years, many old shafts have been uncovered.

FAMOUS EXPRESSIONS.

Attempt to Trace Some of Them to Their Origin.

To feel in apple-pie order is a phrase which dates back to Puritan times—to a certain Hepzibah Merton. It seems that every Saturday she was accustomed to bake two or three dozen apple pies, which were to last her family through the coming week. These she placed carefully on her pantry shelves, labeled for each day of the week, so that Tuesday's pies might not be confused with Thursday's, nor those presumably large intended for washing and sweeping days, eaten when household duties were lighter. Aunt Hepzibah's "apple-pie order" was known throughout the entire settlement, and originated the well-known saying.

It was once customary in France, when a guest had overstayed his welcome, for the host to serve a cold shoulder of mutton, instead of a hot roast. This was the origin of the phrase, "To give the cold shoulder." "None shall wear a feather but he who has killed a Turk," was an old Hungarian saying, and the number of feathers in his cap indicated how many Turks the man had killed. Hence the origin of the saying with reference to a feather in one's cap.

In one of the battles between the Russians and Tartars a private soldier of the former cried out, "Captain, I've caught a Tartar!" "Bring him along, then," answered the officer. "I can't, for he won't let me," was the response. Upon investigation it was apparent that the captured had the captor by the arm, so "catching a Tartar" is applicable to one who has found an antagonist too powerful for him.

That far from elegant expression, "to kick the bucket," is believed to have originated in the time of Queen Elizabeth, when a shoemaker named Hawkins committed suicide by placing a bucket on a table in order to raise himself high enough to reach a rafter above, then kicking away the bucket on which he stood. The term coroner is derived from the word "corphorion," which means corpse inspector. "He's a brick," meaning a cool fellow, originated with a king of Sparta—Agessilaus—about the fourth century B. C. A visitor at the Lacedaemonian capital was surprised to find the city without walls or means of defence, and he asked the king why he did not build walls. "Do not," replied the king, "for the Spartans have fifty thousand soldiers and each one is a brick."

When the Horse Guards parade in St. James's Park, London, a number of boys of about twelve years of age are on duty on horse hand to blacken the boots of the soldiers or do other menial work. These boys, from their constant attendance about the time of the guard mounting, were nicknamed "The Blackguards," hence the name "Blackguard." Dead end, as denoting one who has free entrance to places of SEVEN GLOBE * * * * * amusement, comes from Pompeii, where checks for free admission were small ivory death's heads. Specimens of these are in the museum at Naples.

Washington Sunday Globe.

We have before us the initial copy of the paper of the above title, edited by Col. W. J. Elliott, the widely known newspaper man of the Columbus Capital. Colonel Elliott's voyage in the sea of Journalism has been tempestuous, and attended by unfortunate disasters. Now, in his ripening years, we hope he will have as gentle winds and soft seas, as this globe of ours or his cah provide. The Sunday Globe is an interesting paper, contains the latest telegraphic news of general interest, and will be a valuable addition to the Capital city. An original feature and one that will attract wide public attention, is the exposures he proposes making upon the corrupt and corrupting practices of men in power in the Federal Government, whose shameful and disgraceful conduct has so long been here, heretofore been held under the dress coat of a little brief authority.

The Globe has our best wishes for success.—Hocking Valley (O.) Sentinel.

Tribute of an Enemy.

Rev. H. J. Philpott, now in Queensland, Australia, not long since visited Ceylon, and saw much of the Boers who are being held in that tropical island as military prisoners of the British. He says: "Physically they are fine fellows, and as to their mental calibre, I was thoroughly disillusioned. I found that the Boer was very much more a gentleman than I had thought. I had pictured him a man of vulgar brutality, low intelligence, but many to whom I talked spoke English well, and displayed a remarkable hold of affairs generally. They are certainly well educated men. I found that their resentment was strong and ready to be lasting. The feeling is that they have a perfect right, a divine right, to govern themselves, and that is why the religious sympathy in the matter is of so strong a character. When it was observed that they might become very loyal, and very happy British subjects, and if they were, we will never live amicably with Great Britain. We will teach the generations yet unborn that they are to rise against the British whenever they can."

The Piker.

The fellow that goes around looking like the director of a funeral, who never smiles, and who has a frown on his face, is really in bad shape; his liver needs tuning up, and he may eventually smile; but the ever-present sneaking dub, that meets you with a smile, drinks your health, and agrees with everything you have to say, is a dangerous fellow. Keep your eyes peeled on those disturbers, nothing that does not originate with them is either honest or right; they create discord and run when found out; they haven't got a liver, neither have they a heart, and their smile and presence are both undesirable. Don't be a piker.

THE NEWS DEALERS

List of News Stands Where Patrons Can Purchase The Sunday Globe.

PRICE, FIVE CENTS.

A. K. Smith, 503 11th street n. w., cigars, news dealer.
D. H. Evans, 1740 14th street n. w., cigars, news dealer.
Mrs. H. S. Godshalk, 1006 Penna. ave. n. w., cigars, tobacco, news stand.
C. J. Gibbert, 1710 Penna. ave. n. w., news stand, cigars, tobacco.
Howard House News Stand, Penna. ave.

Vendome Hotel News Stand, Penna. ave.
Hoover's News Stand, 700 9th street n. w., T. B. Crow, manager.
Joe Wood, 820 9th street n. w., cigars, news dealer.
Fred A. Schmidt, 1732 Penna. ave. n. w., cigars, news stand.
E. J. Erwin, 2306 14th street n. w., news dealer.

E. R. Moore, 421 19th street n. w., cigars, tobacco, newspapers, stationery.
T. Frank Kevill, 908 F street n. w., cigars, newspapers, magazines.
J. H. Whitehead, 305 7th street n. w., cigars, newspapers, periodicals.
Edw. Barlowe, 2014 7th street n. w., news stand, stationery, periodicals.
R. Wallace, 930 9th street n. w., newspapers, magazines.

H. C. Dahler, 335 N. J. ave. n. w., cigars, tobacco, news dealer.
J. L. Fuller, 60 H street n. w., cigars, news dealer.
J. D. Hauptman, 1904 Penna. ave. n. w., cigars, news dealer.
L. Holst, 1910 Penna. n. w., cigars, news dealer.

W. Boatman, 200 7th street s. w., cigars, news dealer.
J. M. Fore, 311 6th street n. w., cigars, news dealer.
F. C. Jackson, 606 7th street n. w., cigars, tobacco, news dealer.

Geo. W. Taylor, 625 7th street n. w., cigars, news dealer.
McGregor & Ashley, Jr., 52 H street n. w., cigars, news dealer.
E. E. Fisher, 1708 Penna. ave. n. w., newspapers, periodicals, magazines.

Ebbitt House News Stand, 14th and F streets n. w.
W. G. Ellis, cigars and tobacco, news stand, etc., cor. 13th and C sts. s. w.
Becker & Orndoff, Willard Hotel News Stand.

S. G. McMichael, 810 14th street n. w., cigars and news dealer.
Arlington Hotel News Stand.
Dunbar & Co., Riggs House News Stand.

Dunbar & Co., Raleigh Hotel News Stand.
Wm. M. Becker, 1336 9th street n. w., cigars and news dealer.
Adams News Depot, 9th & G street n. w., Ham Adams, Proprietor.

Wilson Bros., 517 10th street n. w., cigars and news dealer.
H. C. Knole, 1213 F street n. w., hole in the wall news stand.
E. J. Beucher, 621 12th street n. w., cigars and news dealer.

W. B. Daison, 809 12th street n. w., cigars, tobacco and news dealer.
Mrs. L. Smith, 1313 N. Y. ave. n. w., cigars, tobacco and news dealer.
G. G. Fancher, 606 5th street n. w., cigars and news dealer.

W. C. Keady, 509 F street n. w., cigars and news dealer.
J. Linder, 631 G street n. w., cigars and news dealer.
Morro Castle, 1122 7th street n. w., cigars and news dealer.

Louis Abinger, 501 D street n. w., cigars and news dealer.
J. W. Reed & Son, 400 9th street n. w., cigars, tobacco and news dealer.
American House News Stand.

Metropolitan Hotel News Stand.
Wm. H. Livermore, 101 H street n. w., cigars, tobacco and news dealer.
J. W. Ellis, 236 H street n. w., cigars, confectionery and news dealer.

G. H. Castner, 221 Indiana ave. n. w., cigars and news dealer.
Bedford Hotel News Stand.
National Hotel News Stand.

St. James Hotel News Stand.
Pension Office, cigars and news stand, 445 G street n. w., Julius Backenheimer, Manager.

J. O. Wisner, 919 H street n. e., books, periodicals and newspapers.
W. A. McCarty, 719 H street n. e., cigars and news dealer.
Owen Bros., 5th & E streets n. e., cigars and news dealer.

A. R. Brown, Mass. ave. & 7th st. n. e., cigars, groceries and news stand.
W. A. Sharswood, 601 Mass. ave. n. e., cigars and news dealer.
Walter Kines, Mass. ave. & 4th street n. e., cigars and news dealer.

E. Abner, 413 E. Capital street n. e., East Washington News Depot.
Grace Bros., 515 H street n. e., cigar and news dealer.
F. C. Stearns, 1112 H street n. e., tobacco and news dealer.

W. E. Smith, 1011 H street n. e., The Owl News Depot.
George W. Schondelmeier, 403 8th street s. e., cigars, tobacco and news dealer.
W. E. Wilkins, 645 H street n. e., cigar, pool and news room.

J. B. Ballinger, 5th & C streets n. e., feed store and news dealer.
L. F. Litz, 1403 H street n. e., new depot.
A. Murphy, 49 H st. n. e., news depot.

W. J. Kelly, 735 N. Capital st., news dealer and pool room.
W. H. Goodhart, 601 10th street n. e., groceries, periodicals and newspapers.
F. J. Linder, 406 8th street s. e., newspapers and periodicals.

W. H. Bell, 825 Penna. ave. s. e., cigars, notions and news dealer.
W. G. Vince, 641 B street s. e., cigar and news dealer.
J. A. Hunt, 335 Penna. ave. s. e., cigars, notions and news dealer.

D. M. Tremblay, 307 Penna. ave. s. e., cigar and news dealer.
W. O. Hammett, 153 Penna. ave. s. e., cigar and news dealer.
Bilder Bros., 709 8th street s. e., cigars, pool room and news stand.

R. E. Miller, 527 8th street s. e., cigar and news dealer.
Mrs. Patchell, 1208 4th street s. w., cigars, notions, news dealer.
J. Abbott, 323 4th street s. w., cigars, tobacco, news dealer.

Ed Brinkman, Penna. ave. and 4th street n. w., cigars, tobacco, news dealer.
B. J. Buri, 313 7th street s. w., cigars, news dealer.
J. L. Stewart, 445 7th street s. w., cigars, tobacco, news dealer.

Petigat, 609 7th street s. w., cigars, tobacco, news dealer.
W. A. Smith, 704 17th street n. w., cigars, news dealer.
W. B. Holzbaw, 1705 Penna. ave. n. w., magazines, newspapers.

Quigley Pharmacy, 21st and G streets n. w.
Fagan Brothers, 2132 Penna. ave. n. w., A. Lindsey, 2153 Penna. ave. n. w., periodicals, newspapers.
R. B. Hodges, 1212 Penna. ave. n. w., cigars, periodicals, newspapers.

James P. Hoyne, 620 F street n. w., cigars, news dealer.
H. C. Jones, 815 East Capital street, cigars, news stand.
The Halley Drug Store, 8th and E streets s. e.

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IN A PROPERTY THAT IS WORTH OVER \$600,000

For the purpose of raising money to purchase the necessary machinery to make the mine profitable, the company is offering shares at 50 cents per share, thus enriching every individual shareholder according to the shares he holds.

YOU CAN BUY ANY NUMBER OF SHARES YOU WISH, and make more money than can be made in any other line of investment. The gold ore is in these seven developed mines. There are 3,000 feet of ore in a vein, and these veins are in other veins, held within walls of granite, placed there by nature. The company has already developed this property to demonstrate that it is one of the largest gold properties of the Cripple Creek District, which is the greatest gold-producing camp on earth, its output last year aggregating \$24,000,000, or nearly double the amount produced in the whole state of California.

At 50 cents per share the company is giving you a discount of 10 cents per share to start with, making 20 cents on the dollar. As already stated, this is done for the purpose of raising \$25,000 to purchase improved machinery, air-compressor drills and electric plants. We have two large hoisting engines on the property, a commodious shaft-house, office buildings, boarding-house for the men, stables, powder-house, a large quantity of tools, etc. The reports on these mines, made by one of the best mining engineers in the State, succinctly describe these improvements.

NAMES OF MINES.

AZTEC, 210 feet in depth, with shaft-house, boiler and engine for hoisting, well timbered all the way down.
BONDHOLDER, 260 feet deep, hoisting engine and boiler, large iron shaft-house, MEXICO AND MANHATTAN, both over 100 feet deep, on same vein as the Aztec mine.
CRYSTAL JASPER, AND GREAT EASTERN, on the same vein as the Bondholder, and opened in depth to over 100 feet, and developments already made show over 4,000 feet of ore.

If you want to make money out of nature, become a producer of gold out of her treasure vaults. The Arena group of mines will do it for you. We can furnish the best of references—bank and mining engineers—and our title in the property is perfect, coming, as it does, through a patent from the Government. With more improved machinery, from \$3,000 to \$5,000 per day will be a conservative estimate of the output of these mines. Remember that only 50,000 shares of this stock are for sale at 50 cents on the dollar. Orders for the number of shares desired, accompanied by Draft, Money Orders, Express, or Cash in Registered Letters, can be sent to

The Arena Gold Mining and Milling Company, 501 Equ